

THE LIBERATOR.

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OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN, ALL MANKIND.

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THE LIBERATOR

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THE LIBERATOR.

Does the eighth commandment relate merely to the seizure of our neighbor's goods; and the preacher of righteousness need not, when denouncing theft, say a word to, or of men-stealers, or their pariahs? Is it but little sin in receiving or retaining stolen property? or does restitution of such property cases to be a duty when God is the proprietor who is defrauded, and the property stolen or retained is our fellow men?—REV. E. DEWDNEY.

For the Liberator.

CIRCULAR ADDRESS,

TO THE FREE PEOPLE OF COLOR THROUGH-OUT THE UNITED STATES.

Countrymen, Friends, Brethren,—You are, no doubt, aware of the oppressive and despotic measures which took place some years ago in the States of Ohio, and Illinois, and in several other States, by which all the colored inhabitants were driven from their homes, and thrust forth wanderers upon the face of the earth. I am connected by ties of blood and otherwise, with those then unfortunate people. They relied, however, on the goodness of Almighty God, and were animated by the most ardent desire of redeeming themselves from bondage, for those who are in the legal condition of slaves in the States, are not the only slaves, but the free people of color, so called as it were in mockery, are slaves perhaps in a worse sense, from their legal disabilities, their rejection from society, and the utter contempt in which they are held by the whites. Animate by that desire, and that of procuring for themselves some security for the enjoyment of property, freedom, and religious rights, and perhaps by that of shewing to their oppressors, that being trampled upon only roused their energies; after making the necessary preliminary inquiries,

a large body of them emigrated to Upper Canada. They were cordially received, protected, and admitted at once to all the rights of citizenship. Here they found the theoretical maxim of the American Constitution, that 'All men are born equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights,' practically in existence—here no distinction of color, race, language, or religion, prevails to deprive a single individual of his civil and religious rights in the amplest sense. When they resided in the States they were taught to believe that theirs was the only free Government, the only country where republican principles were fostered. They were awakened from that dream, by the persecutions they suffered. We find, however, that under this limited Monarchy more real freedom and real republicanism exist than in a professed Republic. We are here, my Brethren, in all respects, upon an equality with the whites—we are as much entitled to our elective franchise as they are, and in a Court of Justice it is not inquired of what color a witness is, but whether he is worthy of credit.

Most of you, my countrymen, have been educated in the principles of liberty and equality. Do you find them exemplified around you? It is far from my wish, wherever you are not persecuted and oppressed, on account of your color, to estrange you from your native country; but if you are so persecuted and oppressed, here is an asylum, here is a refuge, where persecution and oppression, by reason of a different colored skin are wholly unknown. So far as to the civil and religious advantages we possess.

Now, as to the temporal: We are admitted to purchase lands in free and common soilage, without the slightest quittance, and but a very moderate tax for highways, which may be paid by personal labor, and we are subjected to no other tax whatever. We have two extensive settlements, one named Wilberforce, and the other Colborneburg, (the latter a special permission, after the Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, Sir John Colborne, who has been a good friend to us.) There are tens of thousands of acres around, that may be procured at moderate rates and easy terms of payment; and we are daily receiving accessions to our number from various States of the Union by way of Buffalo and Amherstburg, &c. I belong to the settlement of Colborneburg, and have had the honor of filling situations of trust and repute amongst my colored brethren. I was lately deputed by them as their Agent and Trustee to solicit subscriptions for the erection of a place of Divine Worship, and a School in Colborneburg, in which, through the blessing of God, I have been very successful, in both the Canadas, so that whoever hereafter joins us may depend upon enjoying the inestimable benefits of public worship, and of education for their children. In Quebec I received much encouragement from Lord Aylmer, the Governor in Chief, from the Reverend the Clergy of all denominations, and from the influential inhabitants. You will find, in the same paper in which this Address is inserted a copy of my petition to Lord Aylmer on that occasion; and such was the lively interest excited in Quebec that copies of that document were distributed from the pulpit by ministers of all persuasions, to their congregations.

Our settlement of Colborneburg is situated only 12 miles from the Guelph settlement of the Canada Land Company, a place which is rapidly rising to the rank of a city; Colborneburg is only 25 miles from the head of Lake Ontario, whence a navigable communication, by the Great River St. Lawrence, and its tributary Canals, extends to the Atlantic Ocean, with innumerable and profitable markets between, for the disposal of the produce of these regions. Industry and enterprise will do wonders, and as there is no check upon them in this country to one set of men more than another, we, of African origin, have the path opened to us, as freely as it is to our white neighbors. Colborneburg is about 55 miles from York, the capital city and seat of government of Upper Canada, and 145 miles from the other colored settlement of Wilberforce. Though our two settlements are at present separate, I believe there is a great likelihood, from my having lately met with Mr. Nathan Lewis, the Agent for Wilberforce Settlement, of both being united, which will form a bond of harmony and strength, that cannot fail to be of benefit to both.

Generally speaking, the country of Upper Canada, consists of excellent good land, with, of course, those exceptions that always occur, of occasional barren tracts, rocks and mountains, and swamps, but it will, on the whole, amply repay the toils of the husbandman, and enable him soon to lay up a store for the infirmities of age, the education of his children, and for the providing them with a future independence.

Countrymen, Friends, Brethren! I have no interested motives for this address. We invite you to settle amongst us, because we ourselves feel happy and contented—if you feel happy and contented where you are, for God's sake remain there—but to those who are oppressed and miserable, on account of their degraded state in the different parts of the Union, we should be wanting in christian charity and humanity, were we not to point out to them the way we have followed ourselves, and invite them to partake of the benefits we ourselves experience.

PAOLA BROWN.
Any further information that any individual may desire shall be willingly given in reply to a letter addressed to Mr. P. Brown, Colborneburg, Waterloo Post Office, Gore District, U. Canada. Quebec, 28th September, 1832.

The following Petition was presented to His Excellency Lord Aylmer, by Mr. Paola Brown, Agent of the African Settlement at Colborneburg, requesting aid to build a Church and School houses for the settlement, and met with the approbation of His Excellency. The object in view is respectfully submitted to the citizens of Upper and Lower Canada, and their aid requested.

To His Excellency, the Right Honorable MATTHEW LORD AYLMER, Knight Commander of the Bath, Captain General, Commander-in-Chief, and Governor in and over, all the British Provinces of North America, &c. &c. &c.

The Petition of Paola Brown, of the Township of Woolwich in Upper Canada, one of the Trustees of the African Bethelite Society there located, and agent for the said Society, and on behalf of himself, and his colored brethren of that Society, Most humbly sheweth,

That many of your Petitioner's friends, relations, and brethren, were, as a notorious, expelled, driven away from, and prohibited to reside in, the places of their birth, of their early habits, and of their matured life, in the States of Ohio, Illinois, and other States of America, for no other reason than that they had possessed, and are entitled to possess, a different colored skin from their brethren of European descent.

That they sought refuge, found an asylum, and received protection, in the British Province of Upper Canada, where they have obtained lands, and where they endeavor to render themselves peaceable, loyal, and useful subjects, under a Government that assures to them their civil and religious rights, without distinction of race or color.

Being thus emancipated from the House of Bondage, under the yoke of which they lived in the free States of America, and worshipping the Deity of the Christians, with all humility and resignation, and that too in a country, in which all religions are permitted, they are desirous, for the observation of the particular tenets that have been inculcated on their minds, and in which they wish to educate their children, to erect a place of worship, and for education, there, where they are now settled.

That, unable to provide the pecuniary means for effecting this desirable object, they have appointed your Petitioner as their agent, and, along with others, as their Trustees, for procuring subscriptions. Such a subscription has taken place in Upper Canada, as your Excellency will perceive by the list herewith most respectfully submitted to your Excellency, at the head of which will be found the signature of His Excellency, Sir John Colborne, Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada; and your Petitioner, on behalf of his brethren of the said African Bethelite Society, most humbly craves that your Excellency will be pleased to add your name to the said subscription list, with such a pecuniary consideration as to your Excellency may seem fit.

Your Petitioner, and his African brethren aforesaid, feel the more confidence in addressing your Excellency on this occasion, from your being the representative throughout the British Provinces of North America, of that Sovereign, and of that liberal nation under whose auspices they have found a city of refuge in the desert, for themselves and their posterity.

Your Petitioner, moreover, most respectfully hopes that your Excellency will be graciously pleased to admit him to a personal interview, whereby he may have a better opportunity of explaining to your Excellency the motives and objects of his mission.

And your Petitioner, together with his African brethren aforesaid will ever pray for the prosperity of the country of their adoption, and the personal happiness of your Excellency.

(Signed) PAOLA BROWN.

Quebec, 8th Sept. 1832.

A DIALOGUE ON SLAVERY.

[CONTINUED.]

Col. In the course of our conversation, friend A. I have several times noticed with pain that you use harsh, severe and uncompromising language. You seem to suppose that no slaveholder can possibly be a Christian, or be humane and benevolent.

Anti. What would you have me do? Would you have me cry peace, peace, when there is no peace? Would you have me clothe my ideas of slavery and its unutterable abominations in such soft and silken phraseology, and wrap up the point of my arguments in language so indefinite as neither to enlighten the intellect, or touch the conscience of a single individual? In all discus-

sions, things should be called by their right names. 'A fig should be called a fig, and a spade, a spade.' As old John Knox somewhere says. If you really believed that every slaveholder was virtually a thief would you withhold from him his proper appellation, and simply call him an unfortunate man? If so, you would call the murder of Capt. White, a 'sad accident,' and the wretch who lately killed his father a 'naughty boy.' It is the remark of an old French writer that 'language was given to man to conceal his thoughts,' not to express them, and he might have added, to excuse and defend all kinds of villany by a convenient ambiguity.

Col. But do you not think that many slaveholders are 'humane and benevolent' and treat their slaves well?

Anti. I answer no, and you would say the same, did you not deceive yourself by an abuse of words. If a person had been for years in the daily habit of robbing you of your hard earnings and driven you to your task with the merciless cart-whip, would you call him humane, and would you consider him benevolent?

Col. They may be well treated nevertheless.

Anti. In the language of Rushton I would say 'that I deny—man can never be well treated, who is deprived of his rights. Feed me with ambrosia, and wash it down with nectar, yet what are these, if Liberty be wanting?' If you will substitute negro thief for slaveholder in your question it will answer itself. Would you call a sheep stealer, a sheep holder? Of how much more value then is a man than a sheep. That you may see with how much humanity the blacks in Boston were treated by the people and how disinterested their benevolence to them was, please to read the following petition, copied from the original:

'The humble petition of James Fosdick of Boston in the County of Suffolk sheweth,

That your petitioner's negro man named Bristol was convicted at this present sessions of beating and abusing Sarah, the wife of John Rice &c. as is at large set forth in the presentment and was therefore sentenced to be whipped upon the next fair Thursday, thirty-nine stripes on each day and to pay costs of prosecution, &c. Now forasmuch as your Petitioner as soon as he heard of the aforesaid fact did very severely beat and correct the said negro for the same, much more than he is ordered by your Honors to suffer therefor, and in regard your Petitioner intends to sell the said negro out of this Province the first opportunity.

Your Petitioner therefore humbly prays your Honors that part of the aforesaid sentence may be mitigated and that the said negro may be only whipped thirty-nine stripes on the next Thursday, or otherwise as your Honors in your great wisdom shall think fit, your Petitioner being very sensible how aggravating and dangerous the crime is, which the said negro was convicted of, and being very willing that one of the said punishments should be inflicted on him as a terror to others, but is afraid that if he should be so severely whipped two or three times it would only harden the said negro and thereby—what? thereby very much retard and hinder the sale of him, which will be greatly to the Petitioner's disadvantage he having been at considerable cost and charge already and must further pay all Court and Prison charges and also lose the service of his negro until the sentence is fully executed, and your Petitioner shall ever pray &c.

JAMES FOSDICK.

April 7, 1721.
Col. That is only an individual case, and it is not fair to condemn the whole body in consequence of the misconduct of an individual. Such a proceeding reminds me of a man, who, having a house to sell, carried round a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

Anti. Let us then examine the whole building and see if the bricks are not all alike. In 1661, on the 2d of August, the town of Boston passed the following law, which was confirmed by 'the whole body.'

'Whereas Mr Thomas Denne hath employed a negro in the manufacture of a cooper, contrary to the orders of the town, It is therefore ordered, that the said Mr Thomas Denne shall not employ the said manufacture as a cooper, or in any other manufacture or science after the 14th day of this month on the penalty of twenty shillings for every day that the said negro shall continue in said employment.'

What do you now think of the whole fabric?

Col. Perhaps the negro had not served the requisite number of years as an apprentice, according to the orders of the town.

Anti. Ah! I see how it is. You are like the culprit at the whipping post, there is no suiting you, strike where I will. That objection however will not avail you, unless one sin will justify another. Matthew Carey seems to suppose that the slaves in the Southern States are on the whole well situated, because many white people in Europe fire worse. Were you to be robbed of all you hold dear, and thrown into prison, it would without doubt afford you unspeakable consolation to read the account of the 'black hole at Calcut-

ta,' or the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day, and you of course would justify your oppressor, and be happy in your bondage. It must give a thief great satisfaction to ascertain that his brother had committed murder. But let us look a little further. In April 1721, the town of Boston made and passed a code of laws for the better regulation of the Indians, negroes and mulattoes. This code containing 16 articles is too long to be quoted now, but you shall have it at our next interview. On the 4th of May, 1728, the town of Boston passed the following order.

'Whereas great numbers of Indians, negroes, and mulattoes have of late accustomed themselves to attend the burial of Indians, negroes, or mulattoes, which practice is of ill tendency and may be of great inconvenience to the town, if not prevented, for remedy whereof,

Ordered, That all Indians, negroes or mulattoes, shall be buried half an hour before sunset at the least, and at the nearest burying place (where negroes are usually buried,) from the place they shall be carried through the most direct lanes or streets that lead thereto. And no Indian, negro, or mulatto shall be buried on the Lord's day, except in extraordinary cases, leave being first had and obtained from two or more of the selectmen, and that one bell only, and that but once tolled for the burial of Indian, negro or mulatto, on pain of 2s. for every breach of this order to be paid by the master or owner of any Indian, negro, or mulatto buried contrary to this order, and by the person ordering the burial of any free Indian, negro or mulatto contrary to this order.'

In July, 1728, the following strange and unaccountable order was passed.

'It being found by experience that Indians, negro, and mulatto servants or slaves buying of provisions in the market place, or elsewhere, has enhanced! the price of provisions, for preventing whereof,

Ordered, That no Indian, negro or mulatto servant or slave be suffered to buy any sort of provisions of any of the country people coming into the town either in the market place or elsewhere on pain and penalty of forfeiting and paying the sum of 5s. But it is not to be understood but that any such servant may direct any country people to his or her master or mistress, which master or mistress or other white servant may agree for the same.'

Col. Where do you find all these ridiculous laws, and what have they to do with Mr. Danforth's address?

Anti. If you will examine the town records of Boston, you will find them, and if you will give me your attention an hour or two without interruption, you will perceive that all I have said has an important bearing on the subject of immediate abolition, and the guilt of New-England as it respects slavery and its consequences.

Col. I must then call again, for I can no longer stay. Good morning. C—X.

For the Liberator.

The following, delivered at an Academic Exhibition, is at your disposal—if worth a place in your columns. S. P. D.

COLONIZATION.

Time, for many centuries, has been rolling its ceaseless tide to the ocean. Man has risen and fallen, and the being, that to-day stood erect in the pride of manhood, is to-morrow in the cold grave, to lie undisturbed, till awaked by the trumpet of Heaven. Not only man, as an individual, has acted his part in the Drama of life, and then passed off to give place to succeeding generations, but nations mighty and powerful, have flourished for a time, arbiters of the world, and then disappeared in the thick mists of ages. Man has been oppressed, and in his turn, become the oppressor. The immortal man has, far as time, been enslaved by the more powerful of his fellows, but an overruling Providence has so ordered events that injustice has met its due reward.

When we look back upon the events that have transpired since Egypt's cruel bondage, we see that the justice of Heaven has marked the oppressor's track, and brought down its vengeance upon his own guilty head. The ancients, it is true, had their slaves; but where now is the proud trampler of the rights of man? Alas! the page of history only shows that such have been, but hardly a trace of them, as a people, can be found. Blasted by the lightnings of God's justice, they have sunk to merited oblivion, and their names only remain as glaring beacons to after ages.

At the present time, these reflections may not be out of place, when this boasted land of liberty proudly tramples on the rights of two millions of our brethren and holds them in base servitude. Ay, two millions of those, who are made of the same blood as ourselves, are deprived of that boon which we so highly prize. The groans of the African have filled the land, and yet too many of us have stopped our ears, and seem determined to hear nothing respecting this great national sin, except the syren song that lulls into security when destruction is at our doors. It is unnecessary, at this time to enter into a detail of slavery and all

its horrors, for these are fully known; our efforts should now be turned to some plan that will remove the evil.

The American Colonization Society tells us that there is no other way of removing slavery than by transporting the free blacks to the coast of Africa. The Society will never accomplish what many well meaning men think it will. The good and the great of the land are looking forward, with fond anticipations, to the time when the injured sons of Africa will be removed from their oppression and reinstated in all the pride and glory of their ancestors. But, alas! they hug a delusive phantom which will elude their grasp whenever they attempt to prove its reality. I tremble for my country, when I see her ablest sons following such a scheme as that of African Colonization. They imagine that slavery will be removed, when at the same time, they know that three fourths of the slaveholders are Colonizationists—and those too who give their support to the Society mainly on the principle that they can hold their slaves more securely, when the free blacks are removed. 'Into their hands,' say they, 'the subject of emancipation does not enter at all.'—They have no intention to open the door to universal liberty. He who has given any thought to the subject, must be convinced that slavery can never be removed but by the voice of the public, through the medium of Abolition Societies—not by the American Colonization Society, for that tells us, 'They are ready to pass censure on Abolition Societies, wherever they may be found.' Here then, you see that the Colonization Society is not hostile to slavery, but, in fact, supports it. It further tells us that the slaves are 'the sacred and inviolable property of the master'—thus rejecting, at once, the proposition, That man cannot hold property in man. Let this important principle be disregarded by mankind at large, and there would be but two classes—the weak and the strong. Allow that man has a right to make a slave of his fellow man, and you at once unhinge the moral government of the world. Many of you who now enjoy the blessings of liberty, would soon be dragged from your homes and all that you hold dear, into a hopeless thralldom, from which you would never be released but by the hand of Death.

That the Society will never remove Slavery, it is evident from the very principles on which it is founded. Its advocates say, that the free blacks must first be removed before anything can be done towards removing slavery. Let it here be distinctly borne in mind that according to the doctrines of this Society, slavery cannot be abolished unless the free blacks are first sent away. Then the first step towards emancipation, is Colonizing all the free people of color. This has not yet been accomplished—therefore, the first step towards emancipation has not yet been taken. It should be further borne in mind, that no person is to be removed without his own free consent. That consent has not yet been given by the free people of color; and as long as man is man—as long as he has any of the feelings which bind him to the land of his birth, he will never consent to leave this country. The united voice of the free blacks, in the Northern States, is—'This is our home, this is our country—here are the graves of our forefathers—here we were born, and here we will die. They have, at various times, and in various places, expressed their decided disapprobation of the Society. Their attachment to the land of their nativity is strong as the everlasting hills. Deep-rooted in the soil, like the giant oak, you never will remove them without using all the physical force of the land. Can you remove them to Africa in this way? No! They would first find their eternal homes. In the low vales of America, or beneath the green bosom of the ocean, they would rest secure from their proud oppressors.

If this Society is not what many think it is—the friend of the black man—it is your duty, as Americans, as Republicans, as Christians, to denounce it at once, and use your efforts to put it down. But if you still believe that it is worthy of public patronage, without knowing its true character, having taken for granted, what some of its advocates tell you, it is time for you to come forth and examine carefully for yourselves. Take the mere assertion of no man, however high his station may be in life—though his name may have been trumpeted through the land. Trust not to the highly colored descriptions of the advocates of any scheme, look and know for yourselves, whether these things are so. You have much to do, my friends, in the great work before you. The Colonization question is one of immense importance—fraught with destruction to the black man and with evils innumerable to our country. There is but one way in which you can act and save your country from ruin. Your efforts must tend towards the emancipation of all the slaves, and these efforts are needed now. This is the only way in which you can meet the approbation of Heaven, and avert the storm that is impending over your heads. The slaves are in the lowest depths of ignorance, and they will ever remain in that state, so long as they are deprived of liberty. Some say that great evils would result, were the slaves to be immediately emancipated. It might be so, but we have no proof of it. Mexico has liberated her slaves, and why should not the United States liberate theirs? If evil must follow, then I would say—Be it so. Let justice be done though the heavens should fall. Let devastation come wild as the fierce breath of the tempest—let ruin come and rage for its time. The land will be purified of its sins. Give me that storm that may result from immediate emancipation, with all its imagined rending and upheavals, rather by far, than the whirlwind of God's justice, which will sweep this guilty land, when He shall use the oppressed negroes, as the instruments of His wrath.

The black man must be educated, or we to our country. We owe him a debt which can never be paid till we have educated and raised him to

an equality with ourselves. If you will not use your efforts towards removing the oppression of the negro, and if you still suffer yourselves to be blinded by those who have not his welfare at heart, as the foundations of their operation, the time is coming when you must suffer the consequences. Already are the blacks in point of numbers, in some of the States superior to the whites. They are rapidly increasing, and the time is fast hastening on, when their numbers will far exceed the whites, in all the Southern States. As their numbers increase, and as the light of liberty is fast spreading they will become discontented with their situation. And as ignorance is the main pillar of slavery and also of savage cruelty, they will not know their own best interests—they will give vent to their indignant feelings and no human hand can stop the carnage.

See, my friends, in the very vitals of your country, the elements of your own destruction. Every day that you are favoring the Colonization scheme, you are aiding on the elements to their full power. By your not taking a decided stand against slavery you are preparing the way for the total overthrow of our republic. Now you may rest secure, thinking that our affairs will move on, as they have in times past. If I could think so, I would not trouble you with this sad picture. Unless slavery is removed, the time is fast approaching when these verdant fields, which now smile in plenty, will be desolated by the destroyer's hand. These peaceful villages, which are now the abodes of quiet, will become scenes of horror and slaughter. You may, this night return quietly to your lodgings, but the time is coming, when the slumbers of midnight will be broken by the shouts of savage warriors, and woes unutterable will be the consequence. The proud city, with its towers and turrets will smoke beneath its mouldering ruins, and the blood of its citizens will deluge its streets in torrents. None of these evils will the Colonization Society remove. Our future prospects are gloomy in the extreme, and who can think of these things without the most gloomy forebodings for his country? When I reflect on them, cold horror chills my blood, and my senses are petrified.

—See you black cloud slowly rising in the Southern horizon. Hark! the voice of the Almighty is heard in the angry murmurs of the distant thunder.—Look again!—It has already enshrouded half of the land! The vivid flashes of lightning glare across the darkened heavens, and the thunders of God's vengeance roll about your guilty heads! Awake from your slumbers!—The storm is bursting upon you, and the wide-spread ruin will sweep you from existence?—But where?—oh! where is my country?—Lost!—Lost!—forever!

For the Liberator.

Righteousness exalteth, and secureth a nation, infinitely better than weapons of war. Let the United States deal justly, both at home and abroad; and they can have nothing to fear. Foreign nations will court their friendship, and the inhabitants of our own country, let their stature, or color be what it may, will cordially unite in maintaining the liberties and independence of a country which yields each, and every one, so much happiness.

Suppose that every man in the United States was an expert warrior! would the government be any better able, than at present, to suppress insurrections, and maintain order and tranquility? Surely it must be our soundest policy to do justly; and cultivate the spirit of peace.

Permit me to subjoin an instructive anecdote, related by a respectable officer, who was for some time a member of General Washington's family during our Revolutionary war.

A Dutch Tavernkeeper in the State of New-York, being sick, and likely to die, sent for his Minister; who perceiving his condition, with great seriousness addressed him as follows:—'I must tell you plainly, I think you have but a short time to live! And now if you know yourself to have been guilty of any crimes, you ought immediately to repent, and make confession before God and man!' The old Dutchman, after a little recollection, with a woful countenance, and in a solemn tone, replied, 'I never steal any thing, but sometimes I charged a little too high.'

TOUR OF THE AGENT OF THE NEW-ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

LOWELL, 10 mo. 23, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Since my last communication, an unfortunate accident deprived me of the power of locomotion for nearly two weeks. As soon as I was able to ride, I went to Providence, where I met, and became acquainted with the Rev. S. S. Jocelyn, of New-Haven. When I say that to become acquainted with such a man is a privilege and a pleasure, which can hardly be appreciated, I do not express the half of what I feel of my estimation of that excellent man. With him I attended a meeting of the Temperance Society, recently formed by the colored people of Providence; we both addressed them, and were succeeded by one of their own number, who made some very excellent and pertinent remarks, particularly enjoining a strict adherence to the letter of their Constitution, which prohibits the use of ardent spirits, except when prescribed by a physician. He said he had noticed that in some Temperance Societies, the members were at liberty to use Spirits as a medicine; and he had known some of the members, who were very apt to be sick about eleven and four o'clock, and want a little medicine; but he said this would never do for them; he was satisfied, from his own experience, that entire abstinence was the only correct principle.

Thus we see, when a little encouraged, how ready these poor, despised people are to go forward, and even become examples worthy of imitation by many, who have for a long time enjoyed far superior advantages; and some of whom,

regard the colored people, as only fit to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and the humble servants of a proud aristocracy.

I had the pleasure of introducing friend Jocelyn to the venerable Moses Brown, now in his 95th year. We spent an evening at his house, and our hearts were afresh animated to persevere, with unabated diligence, in the cause of emancipation, on hearing this aged veteran recount the success which attended his efforts in the same cause forty years ago. He still, in his green old age, is the same firm and unwavering friend of freedom and of the welfare of the colored people, unwearied by the blighting influence of Colonizationism. To him, and to a number of others of the most wealthy and influential citizens of Providence, I introduced the subject of our contemplated School for colored youth, which as far as I could discover, was regarded by them all, as a laudable enterprise. Indeed I might say, I have not heard an individual express any other opinion concerning it.

At Providence, I attended a preliminary meeting, for forming an Auxiliary Anti-Slavery Society; the prospect there is highly encouraging. From Providence, I returned by way of Fall River and Taunton, to Dorchester, where I had delivered a lecture three weeks before to a crowded audience, in the Methodist Meeting house. I now gave them a short lecture in the Town Hall, after which a committee was appointed to prepare a Constitution for an Auxiliary Anti-Slavery Society, and to report at a future meeting. From Dorchester, I went to Boston, and from thence to this place. Here I have been introduced to eight Clergymen, with whom I have had much interesting conversation; four of them are warmly attached to our cause; and the other four, are candid, liberal minded men, with honest purpose, willing to enquire, and willing to be convinced. They are in fact, in principle with us, but having been led to regard the Colonization Society as pledged to 'remove the evil of Slavery' they have given it their support, but when they come to learn, that 'removing the evil of Slavery,' according to the vocabulary of slaveholders, means nothing more nor less, than exterminating the free colored people, those 'walking mirrors, which reflect the light of freedom into the dark bosoms of the slaves,' they will support it no longer.

On Sabbath evening I delivered a lecture in the Town Hall, which was filled to overflowing, and many went away for want of room, evincing the lively interest felt in this community in the cause of humanity and the rights of men. At the close of the lecture, I introduced the subject of our proposed School, and they gave solid evidence of a disposition to promote it by a liberal contribution. Last evening, I gave another lecture in the Town Hall, on Colonization. Not as some have supposed in wild declamation against the Colonization Society. On the contrary, my only wish, design and effort, was and is, to present facts drawn from authentic documents, whereby the character and design of the Colonization Society, may be understood; and then, if the good people of New-England are disposed to patronize this grand scheme of slaveholders, and to confederate with them in withholding moral and religious instruction, from the free colored people in the non slaveholding States, and by other means, so to bear them down, under the weight of an unholy prejudice, as to drive them out of the country, I will only mourn in secret places, that the spirit of beneficence has fled from our land. But every where I see abundant encouragement to persevere in tearing away the mask which interest or prejudice has thrown over this unhallowed scheme. Some of my friends, it is true, whose good will I should highly prize, could I conscientiously pursue a course to secure it, disapprove my efforts to divert the public patronage from the Colonization Society. But it is only because they know nothing of the withering and blighting influence of Colonization principles in our country. Many of my friends well know that although I have been always opposed to the Colonization Scheme, it was not till I came more directly in contact with its principles and influence, and more intimately acquainted with its character, that I publicly opposed it. It was not for several months after I commenced delivering Anti-Slavery lectures, that I made any allusion in them to the Colonization Society; and I should never have done so, had I not found that by the influence of Colonization principles some of the most amiable features in the Christian character were obliterated from the minds of many intelligent and excellent men; and others I found amongst men of great influence, whose benevolent feelings had prompted them to patronize the Colonization Society under an entirely mistaken view of its origin and character, who on seeing a fair exhibition of its design and operations and principles drawn from its own authentic documents, have turned with abhorrence from its support. Instances of this kind are not more rare amongst Clergymen of different denominations, as well as amongst other people, of whom I could name some of the most respectable and influential men in New England.

I see then that there has gone abroad in our community a broad deception in reference to the character and design of the Colonization Society. I see that this deception is working the ruin of that portion of my fellow heirs of life and immortality whose cause I have espoused. I see that it is obstructing the exercise of every benevolent design for their improvement. I see that many who have patronized the Scheme, have done it not because they participated in that spirit in which it had its foundation, but because it had been presented to them as a scheme of benevolence for the benefit of those very people who have from first to last regarded it with the utmost abhorrence. I see these truly benevolent individ-

uals standing open to conviction. I see truth and light breaking forth and gaining the ascendancy. I see the humble efforts of those who plead the cause of the poor and the despised, blessed to the awakening of a deep and lively interest to improve their condition. I see more than all, that the free colored people themselves are anxiously waiting, and looking, and longing for the hand of friendship and encouragement to be extended for their help; and that they are more susceptible of improvement in the best things than any other people of whom I have any knowledge. And when they have so few friends who are devoted to their cause, shall not they be encouraged rather, by every benevolent mind, to persevere in so good a work—but one which brings with it instead of wealth, popularity, worldly honor or social and domestic enjoyment, the sacrifice of all these, with fatigue, exposure to sickness among strangers, the violent opposition and calumnies of enemies, and in many instances, the rebukes, and frowns, and unkind expressions of friends. But none of these things should move us, neither should we count our own lives dear to ourselves, so that we may finish our course with joy, faithfully performing that duty which is required at our hands.

A. BUFFUM.

TOUR OF THE EDITOR. LETTER V.

BANGOR, Oct. 2, 1832.

My dear L.—Faithful to my original determination, to see all that is to be seen in a new and hasty journey, I mounted the driver's seat from Hallo-well to this place, and thus had an unobstructed view of 'field and forest, rock and river.' Some portions of the route were full of scenic entertainment; but as you leave Augusta, the road becomes monotonously inflated, and exhibits more protuberances than the back of the sea serpent. Up and down—up, up, down, down, 'way down,' as we sometimes say in New England—how delightful is such a state of alternate exaltation and depression! We may, however, extract a moral from it, that may enable us to encounter the vicissitudes of life with a philosophical spirit. The 'Dixmout Hills' are as famous and formidable to travellers on this route, as is Point Judith to tourists from Providence to N. York: they are piled upon my memory in all their massive stability, and I fear it will take that indefatigable laborer, Time, a weary space to remove them with his plough, and shovel, and pickaxe.

Bangor hardly realizes my expectations, with regard to its size and consolidation; but it has the bones and cartilages of a giant, and only needs a few years to give it the lustrous perfection of manhood. It has a more business-like appearance than any place I have yet visited in this State—the inhabitants speak of its ultimate greatness with a tone of confidence and sincerity. It looks as if it had been built up in a prodigious hurry—as if the increase of population outran their ability to provide habitations. There has not been time for improvement, or an exhibition of taste in the location of the houses and arrangement of the streets. A rapidly growing people require first of all a shelter from the weather, and not often condescend to sacrifice elegance and taste to convenience and utility. Bangor is unquestionably destined soon to rank next to Portland: many indeed, are sanguine enough to affirm that it will take precedence of all other towns in the State. The Exchange Coffee House, kept by C. Hayes, (every inch a gentleman,) is a noble building, with whose internal arrangements I have been highly pleased: every thing is conducted on the most liberal scale. There is a very extensive block of brick buildings, nearly completed, which would confer credit upon Boston or New-York.

Ever since my arrival, it has rained—rained—rained—almost incessantly. The streets are beds of clay, and the walking intolerable. I gave my first address to the people on Sabbath evening in the Rev. Mr. Pourroy's meeting-house; and I confess I went to the meeting in a despondent mood, not expecting to see even an apology for an audience, in consequence of the rain; but, to my surprise and pleasure, there was a large collection of persons present, and they gave earnest heed to those things which were spoken. May the impression which was then made be deep and permanent, and excite a spirit of benevolent activity in the cause of abolition! The house is constructed in the gothic style, and is quite an ornament to the place.

Last evening I delivered another address in the Rev. Mr. Hantoun's meeting-house to a very respectable and somewhat numerous audience; this, also, is a fine building. The number collected together on this occasion was a source of greater surprise to me than that of Sabbath evening—for the evening was yet more unpropitious—dark and stormy, and the roads were indescribably bad.

My interviews with the Rev. Mr. Pourroy and the Rev. Mr. Hantoun have been very agreeable: they are men of urbane deportment, fine intellects and benevolent souls. They may unhesitatingly be reckoned among the friends of immediate abolition, and of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society—consequently, opposed to the Colonization Society. Mr. Pourroy has recently given up this combination, in consequence of a solemn conviction of its abandonment of the grounds of justice, and its utter inefficiency. He is another important acquisition to our cause. We have also an estimable advocate in the person of Mr. J. C. L. who presents to our Society \$5.00 for the promotion of its great objects. An auxiliary society may, ere long, be formed in this place.

I am sorry that the inclemency of the weather has been so severe as to deter me from visiting Orono, or Old Town, as it is called, the Indian settlement, some twelve miles distant. There are several hundreds of these children of the forest, congregated together—some of them tolerably well off, but the mass, I learn, are in poor circumstances, morally and physically. They are all Papiets, and have a small mass-house in which a priest occasionally officiates. I have met several in the streets here, of both sexes, and looked upon them with feelings of compassion and curiosity. It is somewhat difficult for one who is not familiar with their mode of dress to distinguish the women from the men; for they wear nearly the same habiliments, which hide all

distinguishing personal marks, and complete the deception by covering their heads with hats. Is it not owing to the prejudice and neglect of Protestant Christians that these benighted creatures have fallen a prey to the superstition and idolatry of Papiety? Can no systematic measures be formed to rescue them or their children from this thralldom?

We cannot expect, at present, to increase the funds of the Anti-Slavery Society by public contributions. In the first place, the frequency with which these petty exactions have been made, for a multitude of purposes, has become almost a nuisance to the people. Again, those whose confidence and generosity have once been abused—as in the African colonization crusade, for instance—will not be disposed readily to patronise a new project. And lastly, the principles and objects of the Anti-Slavery Society are not sufficiently understood; and even after making a full development of them to an audience, it is not to be expected that they will be steadily and implicitly received. Men of intelligence and philanthropy wish first to weigh evidence, and examine principles, before they contribute to an object. To present boxes to an assembly soliciting contributions in aid of a cause which is new and imperfectly understood, is, I am sure, and more persuaded, almost a sure method to destroy the interest which may have been created, and to lead to suspicions of selfish purposes. We do not wish to take even an apparent advantage of ignorance and unenlightened faith—we do not wish the aid given to our cause to outrun discretion and intelligence. We court a national scrutiny, and are confident that our views and feelings, and intentions need only to be fairly understood to receive the liberal co-operation of all good men.

But what is to be done? The abolition cause cannot progress to its triumph without funds—a large amount of funds. The New England Anti-Slavery Society, if destitute of support, can neither send forth agents, nor print and gratuitously circulate tracts or petitions, nor form auxiliary associations. It is undeniably true that there is no cause which has such strong claims upon the prayers, sympathies and charities of good men and good women as this—whether we consider its relation to ourselves, to others, to our country, to the world, or to God—to the temporal or spiritual welfare of millions of our suffering men. To whom, then, must the Anti-Slavery Society look for nourishment and protection, in its infancy?

I answer—To that numerous class in and out of New England, who are in truth the enemies of slavery—uncompromising abolitionists—and whose generous sympathy far exceeds their ability to contribute largely to the funds of our Society. The only request we make of those, who are in good circumstances, is, to enrol themselves immediately as members of the Anti-Slavery Society, and pay an annual subscription of ten dollars. This little sum they can easily spare, and they withhold it, and give us nothing but sighs and good wishes, and empty declamation!—I am persuaded that this paragraph will be perused by a thousand individuals of both sexes, who are ready and willing to comply with an invitation. By so doing, they may in the space of a month raise the sum of two thousand dollars and thus give a mighty impetus to the cause of emancipation.

Secondly—To those who adopt the principles and cherish the objects of our Society, and who are surrounded with the comforts of life. Whenever they reside, let them immediately transmit the sum of fifteen dollars which will constitute them life members. In this manner, is a very considerable amount may easily be raised and expended in the promotion of a cause which is second to none ever agitated since the creation of man. The third article of our Constitution is as follows:—'Any person by signing the Constitution, [or, of course, authorising his name to be affixed thereto,] and paying to the Treasurer fifteen dollars as a life subscription, or two dollars annually, shall be considered a member of the Society, and entitled to a voice and a vote in all meetings, and to a copy of any publications or communications which may be distributed among its members.'

Thirdly—To the friends of abolition in the various towns and cities. We wish them to be active in forming auxiliary societies. If they are not more than five or six such persons in a place it is immaterial—the number is sufficient to form an experiment. The life and usefulness of the Parent Society must depend mainly upon the number and efficiency of its auxiliaries. Their regular contributions to the general fund will furnish the life-blood that gives vitality to the whole system.

Fourthly—To opulent philanthropists, who are abundantly able to contribute at least \$1000 annually, and never miss their money. And, Lastly—To the pastors of churches, who are agreeing with us in sentiment, are constantly favored with opportunities which may be improved in commending our Society to the patronage of their flocks. They can take up at least one collection annually, in aid of our funds.

These hints, I trust, will be cordially adopted by the various classes for whom they are intended. I shall close this hasty epistle with an advertisement which I copy from the National Liberator of the 25th ultimo:

FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD!

Runaway from the Subscriber, living in George's county, Md. on Thursday morning, September 13th, negro man Harry, calling himself Harry or Henry Lowe. He is very tall, between 25 and 30 years of age—about five feet ten inches in height, square, well and strongly made—speaks quickly, and with some impetuosity when agitated. There are two particular marks by which he may be easily recognized, viz. the loss of one of his toes, on which foot it is not remembered—and a conspicuous MARK, or prominent excrescence across the forehead, which has the appearance of a white burn or scar, from the stroke of a whip. His clothes are such as are commonly worn by the negroes of Maryland. The above slave was purchased from the estate of Walter H. Hillyer.

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of Prince George's county, Md. in which neighborhood he may now be loitering. The above reward will be given, if taken out of the county; and \$20, if taken in the county, and brought home to me, or delivered in any jail, so that I may get him again.

WALTER BOURIE,
Forest of Prince George's county.

Comment is unnecessary. O, how humanely the slaves are treated at the south! Strange, indeed, that they are so prone to run away from their philanthropic masters!

You may expect my next letter from Waterville.

Yours, ever,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

LETTERS ON SLAVERY,

ADDRESSED TO

MR. THOMAS RANKIN,
Merchant at Middlebrook, Augusta Co. Va.

BY JOHN RANKIN,

Pastor of the Presbyterian Churches of Ripley and Strait-creek, Brown Co. Ohio.

LETTER I.

AFFECTIONATE BROTHER:—According to promise I am now to enter upon the investigation of the title by which slaves are held in servitude.

It must be admitted that the Africans and the rest of mankind have all sprung from one common father; and consequently all, originally, were alike free. It will also be admitted that the Africans were not enslaved for crime—hence we conclude with the utmost certainty that they were unjustly enslaved. They must have been taken either by theft or open violence, and sold into slavery; therefore, it inevitably follows that the slave to whom was originally derived from those title to them was stolen or took them by unjust violence, and sold them into bondage, consequently, it must be most unjust; nor neither time, nor custom, nor government can change its nature— it stands in eternal opposition to right. Property, that is stolen or taken by unjust violence, though it pass through a thousand hands by honest purchase, still belongs to the original owner; and to him, according to the plainest principles of justice, it must revert. The right to freedom belongs to the Africans, and therefore it is as unjust to hold it from them as it is to hold stolen property from its right owner. Suppose that your little daughter were to be stolen in her infantile state, and sold for a slave, would she not, according to the plainest principles of justice, be as much entitled to freedom as she now is? Again, suppose that an unjust and arbitrary power should detain her posterity in slavery to a thousand generations, would not the last generation be as much entitled to freedom as the mother originally was. Do you believe that any one would be just in depriving them of their right to freedom, merely because he had purchased them from those who had no right to sell them? No, you certainly believe that it would be most unjust. Now this is precisely the situation of the Africans you hold in servitude. Their ancestors were originally free; and were unjustly taken and sold into bondage, and by an unjust and arbitrary power their offspring are still enslaved—you suppose that you have a right to them by honest purchase, but they are the same as stolen property. The title to them was originally derived from the hand of the thief. Hence the man from whom you purchased them had no just title to them, of course had no right to sell them—you had no right to buy them; and consequently can have no right to detain them in servitude. The right to freedom is original in all the human race. 'That all men are created equal' is a truth that no true hearted republican will deny. Hence, while you hold slaves, you hold the right of freedom from its real owners. And is it not freedom more precious than property? And therefore, is it not more criminal to hold it from your fellow creatures than it is to deprive them of their property? How then can you persist in holding them as slaves, merely because you purchased them from such as had no right to sell them? Should you purchase a stolen horse, would you pretend to keep him from his real owner, merely because you had purchased him from the thief who had stolen him? No, you would certainly give him up to the real proprietor as soon as he should exhibit sufficient evidence of the justice of his claim. Then why not deliver up to your slaves their liberty, seeing they are undoubtedly entitled to freedom? We, as a nation, in our declaration of independence, have declared that the right to liberty is unalienable. I know the laws of your state permit you to enslave a certain class of your fellow-creatures, but the permission of a state cannot change moral principle. Should this state permit you to enslave my children, would it be honest in you to take advantage by such permission to make them slaves? Certainly you must admit that to take such advantage would be both unjust and cruel. And is it not equally unjust and cruel to enslave the poor Africans, merely because the state gives permission for such oppression? The man who will be just no further than the state compels him, is a rogue in heart. And the man who will take away the liberty of another whenever the state permits him, would also take the property of another if similar permission was granted him. I do not say that all slaveholders are rogues in heart. I hope many of them have acted more from mistake than from real dishonesty. But I do not hesitate in saying that all who unjustly take away the liberty of their fellow creatures, who, according to the principles admitted by our nation 'Were born equally free and independent.'

I shall next attempt, by the scriptures, to prove the injustice of involuntary slavery.

FAREWELL.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

For the Liberator.

MR. GARRISON:—In that divine freedom, which flows forth in life giving power, to the utmost limit of creation, and reverberates in every pulse of breathing nature, I would desire to utter a response of holy charity, to your living philanthropy. Love, pure, heavenly, divine love is the most free, the most expansive of all principles, for it is the source of all things; and when mankind will permit their eyes and their hearts to be opened to the perception of the profound truth, that love is life—that it is the all in all that exists in the extent of creation; then shall we gradually rise to a true understanding of the first principles in their indefinite ramifications; and then will your manly and indefatigable exertions be daily appreciated and receive their practical reward—success. It is in the use or abuse of this holy principle of love, that all the varieties of life exist; and herein consists the great responsibility of man—that he ascertain in himself the measure & manner in which he uses or abuses this divine gift in which his

life is. Its true use is, in emulating its Divine Fountain, by flowing forth in acts of goodness; and its abuse, of course, the contrary acts of injury, or withholding any benefit in our power to bestow.

You have fairly and sufficiently proved to every candid mind, that slavery is a violation of the first and dearest, inclusive of every other gift of God. Who then, that acknowledges the Author of his or her being, can withhold the acknowledgment, that our first and noblest duty is to preserve or recover for ourselves and others; this dearest, loveliest treasure, liberty! Now, my dear sir, comes the all-important question, How we can perform this duty? For here we arrive at the battle ground of all ages, nations and individuals; the ground of all the offences and all the conquests that have ever existed; the manner and measure in which we can preserve or regain our inherent rights. And first of all let us remember, that as they are first given, so they must be preserved and recovered, in and by love. This, I believe, is a new thought, and will open a new field of varied action. The first and most natural thought and feeling on the perception of invaded right, is the seizure of arms—the means of forcible resistance. But this natural movement is checked by the first ray of spiritual light, bidding us to yield and suffer, trusting to that Divine power which proclaims, 'vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' Leaving all retribution then to the Divine Wisdom, which adjusteth all things in beautiful harmony, let us inquire, by what means that holy love will enable us to preserve and regain its own blessed gift, the liberty to serve our brethren and our God.

Our first aim should be, to look with nice discrimination into every thing, to try the spirits, whether they be of God—whether the tendency of any movement be to good or evil, to the use or abuse of our own gift of life; and after this exploration of all things within and without ourselves, this proving of all things, let us, indeed, be steadfast in 'holding fast that which is good.' In your glorious principle of universal and immediate emancipation, refuse not the seeming good of colonization, even if it be really no more than seeming; because by embracing and cherishing apparent, we may often bring it to become real good. By cherishing every well meant effort, we may often steady the steps of incipient virtue; and by forbearing to 'quench the smoking flax,' we may bring to a noble flame of holy benevolence, that aspiring desire for usefulness, which had it been made to feel its own nothingness in its first attempts, feeble or erroneous as they might have been, would have been crushed for ever.

Doubtless, there may, as you suppose, a counter spirit have arisen in the Eden of colonization, which is striving to expel its first possessors, under the insidious garb of universal knowledge; but beware, I pray you, that you join not the standard of this enemy of man, under the apprehension, that he is defending your rights. The genuine principles of colonization are founded in right views, although but a branch of universal emancipation; and that these just views and ends are perverted, abused and violated by a large proportion of its present advocates, is no just cause of its total condemnation. Colonization is good, as far as it extends in justice and judgment, with real good for its end; but it is, and must be, limited, and consequently, partial. It is good only for those who in perfect freedom, rationally desire it; and voluntarily unite to receive and use it for mutual aid and permanent advantage.

In order for this recipients must be well informed, and virtuously inclined. Indiscriminate colonization, is therefore, its first evil—and has doubtless, led to those abuses, which have produced its pious condemnation by yourself, and some of your warmest friends. This result is casting a gloomy shadow over your prospects, which must be dispensed by the Sun of Divine love. You must rise to the magnanimity of taking your good colonization brethren by the hand—with the holy address, 'Come, let us reason together, saith your God.' Let us co-operate in each other's truly Christian exertions; let us mutually throw away every opposing, jarring, (which must be a selfish or worldly) interest; and unite heart and hand in the divine work, of the universal emancipation of man, from every enslaving, warring, injurious principle. Behold, what an extensive union of all the genuine friends of human nature! Truly would the morning stars sing together, at such an union; and well might the most rational anticipate the most extensive and beautiful, as well as the most efficient results, from a coalition so truly and manifestly Christian. Let those on either side, who find in themselves a revulsion of feeling, at this proposition—look solemnly and deeply into the recesses of their own hearts, and scrutinize the source of this revulsion. All whose end is the real good of mankind, (and there can be no division in real good) will feel a joy in thus welcoming every varied effort in the general cause; and perceive in himself an additional strength, in the hearty pursuit of his object. And now, sir, I would note to you, what I think, should be our first great object, preparatory to the accomplishment of the universal emancipation of the bodies of our colored population; the emancipation of the spirits of all, from the terrific thralldom of enmity and 'all uncharitableness.' While the tyranny of evil affection continues on either side, freedom would be but the signal of anarchy and recombination; for even benefits sent the spirit, vengefully brooding over its own or others' wrongs.

First, then, we must endeavor to convince our white brethren, that their own temporal and eternal happiness consists in kind and benevolent feelings; that 'Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love'; and consequently, that wherever a willingness exists, that another should endure a moment's unnecessary suffering, there correction must begin—and sincere shame and humiliation be taken to the inmost heart.

Our first and greatest minds must bring themselves to realize Who maketh them to differ; and that in themselves they are really nothing more than the most despised.—This knowledge, and its candid, unfeigned acknowledgments will bring a feeling of tenderness and sympathy for others, which effectually checks that natural assumption of superiority, that is the constant accompaniment of a 'little brief authority' in poor weak human nature. It will cherish the recollection, in the white man, that his present power, is an accident of time and place; and

that the wisdom of Divine love, is, by its wonderful Providence, so blessing the increase of the colored inhabitants of the earth—that their turn of superiority is gradually, but surely approaching; and that 'in the measure, that they, (the whites,) meet' to their colored brethren, they will receive in return. How important then, it appears, that all the advantages and blessings of life, should be equalized, and mutually shared, as far as possible, with the now degraded portion of our fellow-creatures. Natural, physical power consists in numbers; and though spiritual power, is as thousands to one, in comparison with mere natural strength; yet let it be distinctly realized, that spiritual power consists alone in virtue, good, love, pure, heavenly Divine love, dwelling in and mutually acting from the hearts of true brethren. It is a common saying, that 'knowledge is power'; but it is only one of a thousand natural forms of power, which are but weakness, when coming in competition with that holy, inherent strength, which lives and breathes, and acts in benevolent affection. Let this benevolent affection then, this holy sympathy, be religiously cherished in the bosom of every white person, whether man, woman or child, for the now unfortunate children of Africa; let us constantly realize, that whatever our present, apparent superiority may be, wherever there is real virtue among the blacks, (and there is, certainly, among them, much good) there is an inherent power, not one iota of which can be lost; but which, unknown at present, to themselves, is surely spreading its roots deep and wide; and can be checked only by losing its hold on the Source of all goodness and all power, on which we all depend for light and life. The general tendency of prosperity is to self-indulgence a downward course—the general tendency of adversity is, to humiliating self discipline and correction; a course as surely leading to the higher stations. Let us then counteract, in ourselves the principles of evil, and cherish good. Let us impart and interchange, for thereby we spread the seeds of virtue; and cultivate its holy growth. Let us root from our bosoms, as the foulest of weeds, that contempt for people of color, which has long grown with our growth, an almost imperceptible source of contumely and petty insult, more irritating to the feeling bosom, than the grosser cruelty of stripes. Let us wholly discourage in our children and youth, a thought of color, or peculiarity of feature, as of any more consequence, than a thousand other minor distinctions among men and women, with whom we are in every day friendly association and equal intercourse. Let virtue, knowledge and usefulness be our only standards of true worth, and then there will be no danger of confounding the distinctions which Divine love and wisdom alone can make. The Fountain of Life alone, can see the heart, whence are the issues of life; whence are all means of real virtue or happiness; and which must, therefore, be primarily respected in all human conduct, before a right order can be established in any human condition. These, my dear sir, are but general reflections and recommendations; but they are important considerations to present to the lovers of virtue and intelligence, who, after all, are the heads of every society, and whose continued progress in these blessed attainments, must be the guaranty of the upward course of any people. It may be that I have wandered wide of the object proposed, of offering you any aid, which a hearty desire, without pecuniary power, may possibly afford; and of cordially uniting in your general sentiments of the influence, which female activity and benevolence may exercise in this truly heavenly cause. If in any way, consistent with a necessary devotion to domestic duty, the writer of this could be made useful in collecting or arranging an Auxiliary Society of Ladies in Boston or its environs, no personal exertion would be deemed other than a privilege and a pleasure by your approving friend.

Sept. 9, 1832.

MARY.

SLAVERY RECORD.

NARRATIVE OF JOHN THOMAS.

My father's house, was near the sea, on the shores of Angola, but I was young when I was torn away from it, and remember but little of my native Country. One day, with some other boys, I was playing on the sea shore, at times we tumbled about in the water, and again we dug holes in the sand, and hid from one another in the holes which we dug. Meanwhile, some white men in a boat, approached us, but I did not observe them until too late; I was frightened, and endeavored to escape, but in vain—they seized me, and carried me off to the ship, there I found a crowd of black men and women, already confined in chains.

I was taken to Jamaica, and was purchased by a Mr. * * * of * * * Plantation, near Kingston. Of him I remember but little, for several years. He was not guilty, as far as I can trace it, of any particular cruelty towards me; and sometimes, he was even so kind as to condescend to play with my boyhood. But what is so fatal as the kindness of a kind slave master! My business was to watch the sheep and goats, that they might not trespass upon the sugar, corn, or coffee grounds. At six in the morning I took them out, carried my yam and herring with me, tended them all day, and at sunset brought them back to fold. During these years, a negro woman named Dumba, a nurse on the plantation, and her husband, a rum boiler, were particularly kind to me, and my chief joy consisted in the parental tenderness which I experienced from them, and in singing while alone in the fields, the mournful ditties of my native country.

At the age of twelve, as I suppose, or upwards, I was one day in the fields with my flock; the sun burnt upon me, and I was seized with a devouring thirst; the young ones were fresh and flourishing around,—no one had taught me that the eye of God was there; and I felt alone; the temptation was too great for a poor untutored boy—I quenched my thirst with the delicious juice, even to satiety. The consequence was extreme drowsiness, and the orange trees which grew around, stretched out to me their cool and pleasant shade;—I slept beneath them.

But while I slept, my master, as I fearfully found afterwards came round; he observed me sleeping, and the sheep, or a sheep, amongst the canes; he did not waken me, but turned the sheep out, and went his way, revelling his dreadful purpose. Alas! if the negroes were as revengeful as their masters, how long ago would the ground have drunk the white man's blood!

I wakened unconscious of the mischief, and in the evening, drove my flock as usual to their pen, little thinking of the anguish which was before me. My master came and reckoned them, and then bade me follow him—I did so.

In a room, he ordered me to lie down on a form,

and I of course obeyed him. He tied me firmly to it with cords; I then thought I heard him whetting a knife—I was terrified and cried out 'what Massa, you going to kickaraboo (kill de poor African)?' He replied, 'No, Thomas, I am not going to kickaraboo you; but I am going to punish you.'—I was naked—he began hacking me with his knife, at random, all down my back and legs: I screamed, but he persisted—I fainted. How long his temper lasted I know not, but when my senses returned he had ceased, had washed my wounds with brine, and rubbed them with red pepper, and had untied the cords with which he had bound me. I was lying prostrate on the form, and the floor beneath was swimming with my blood. He ordered me into the kitchen, and there left me in the care of the cook.

The next morning, I was required as usual to tend my flock. I was sick and sore, but I had no remedy—pain racked me,—motion was like piercing me with daggers; but terror which I dared not defy, drove me on day by day. I grew worse—I implored my master to let me rest one day. But, 'no,' he sternly replied; 'you must go and do your work, you must go and take care of the sheep.' My wounds festered—the flies gathered on them—I broke twigs and endeavored to brush them away; but still with increasing pain, I could not turn sufficiently,—I was fly-blown, and maggots began to crawl in and out of my sores, I could scarcely drag myself along, and death seemed coming, though slowly to my relief.

It was Sabbath afternoon, and I was lying under shelter of the green trash barn, the sheep and goats feeding around me; my thoughts, when feebleness and anguish permitted me, to think at all, were of approaching death; but God had help at hand.

A party of Sailors, seeking for fruit, came by—they saw me, and they cried out, 'holloa, Jackson, come here and look at one of your countrymen'—Jackson, a black man, the cook of the vessel hastened up—he stood over me, and wept: the sailors passed on, he asked my case, and I told him. We were alone; where do you stay at night, he said; in that barn, I replied, the dry trash house. Be there to night then, take care and be there, and if God help us, I will come and carry you away.

God helped me to be there, although then I thought not and knew not of him: A feeble hope fluttered about my heart—the night came down—I heard Jackson's voice, and answered. He came and lifted me on his shoulders, and carried me to the sea shore, there he hired a canoe, and took me on board of the Defence (the *McDonnell*), Captain Lewis, H. M. Ship, of which he was the cook. He conveyed me privately down to the coal hole, and carefully hid me there.

The next day the ship went to sea, and when well out, Jackson reported what he had done, and showed me to the first Lieutenant.—'Why Jackson, you'll get flogged,' he said. And if I should, Sir, said Jackson, could I have left my countryman to perish! The matter was immediately reported to the Captain, who was at first displeased, but when he heard my case, his anger was gone; he had me sent to the sick bay, and afterwards I experienced nothing but kindness.

The name of the Surgeon was McDonald, and I cannot be thankful enough to him. In a few weeks, I was recovered—I became a servant amongst the Officers, and continued on board of the Defence for several years, until she needed repairs. I then went on board of H. M. S. the Harrow, and served in the same manner there; but at the end of about two years, I was seized with a severe illness, and the Harrow coming to Plymouth, I was sent to the Navy Hospital at that place. From the time of my subsequent recovery, I have been in England; it is about two years since I trust I began to love the land, and I now seek to gain my livelihood by selling Tracts, which are sent abroad to serve His holy cause. At Manchester, God gave me a wife, who continues an unfeeling blessing to me, and to whose gentle and affectionate influence I am indebted for my recovery from the broad way that leads to destruction.

I ought also to mention Jackson,—he not only, at great risk to himself, was the means of saving my life at first, but he afterwards watched over me like a father, all the time I continued on board of the Defence; and I am always lost in gratitude and wonder, when I think of his unceasingly generous, holy, and disinterested kindness to me. He advised me—he warned me—he rebuked me—he entreated me—he bore with me, when by my sins I grieved and provoked him. One of the first prayers of my heart is always, that the Lord Jesus, may always more and more abundantly bless Jackson, my second father, and my friend in the jaws of death.

I wish also to add, that within the last three years I have seen Captain Lewis, at his residence, in Cambridgeshire, and experienced the greatest condescension and kindness from him.

Such is the simple story of John Thomas. It is more affecting in his own broken English, and has many details, which in the above are avoided. It is worth hearing from himself. The subscriber who has hastily drawn this statement of it up for him, affectionately recommends him to public sympathy, and is open to reference or correction, through 18, Aldermanbury.

CHARLES STUART.

London, January 2, 1832.

BOSTON.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1832.

NOTICE.

The regular monthly meeting of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society will be held on Monday evening next, at 7 o'clock, at Franklin Hall, No. 16, Franklin-street. Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to attend. October 27.

WESTWARD HO! We have no writer who possesses a richer vein of humor than Paulding. He generally succeeds in his endeavors to produce a good natured laugh, without infringing the more sacred feelings. It is this very characteristic which gives to some of his works a savour of heaviness—for we have been so long accustomed to connect the idea of pleasantness with his writings, that when we find them not decidedly funny, we are apt to pronounce them stupid. His last work, in two volumes, entitled 'Westward Ho!' is a good delineation of manners in some of our western states, and contains a choice vocabulary of select Kentucky phrases and idioms. Whoever reads it, will be sure to find about all the cant phrases in common parlance west of the Alleghanies. There are many passages of fine description, and many of spirited dialogue. The work possesses one merit to an American—it is decidedly national.

TEA POISONOUS. A writer in the American Traveller is endeavoring to prove, that common tea is an active poison. He states, that its effects are so gradual, as not to be apparent, and that its tendency is to shorten life. We opine that the ladies will not be discouraged from the use of their favorite beverage, by such melancholy statements.

NEW ANNUAL. A new Souvenir, of a religious character, is in preparation, by Key, Meikle, & Biddle, of Philadelphia, to be edited by the Rev. G. J. Bedell. It is the intention to make it equal to the most popular annuals, in the style of printing and embellishments, and to make it worthy the patronage of the more serious part of the community, by making its contents to consist of articles exclusively of a religious and moral stamp. It is to be adorned with nine engravings in steel, by eminent artists.

HEALTH ALMANAC. The number of this valuable work, for 1833, has been published by Key, Meikle, & Biddle, and possesses strong claims to public patronage. The numerous recommendations, respecting food, exercise, and the regulation of the passions, entitle it to the attention of all.

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE. Messrs. Peabody & Co. of New-York, have issued a prospectus for a new periodical, to be published monthly, at four dollars a year; to consist of tales, reviews, essays, and miscellanies, original and selected. It is to be embellished with splendid engravings, and to endeavor to maintain a high literary character.

Demerara, a Tale by Harriet Martineau. Boston, L. C. Bowles. This little story forms one of the series of Miss Martineau's Illustrations of Political Economy. Like all her preceding works it exhibits strong and acute reasoning powers, warm benevolent feelings, and clear and correct moral principles. This story points out the great evil of slavery in a moral, social, and economical view. We earnestly recommend it to all our readers. Even those who care little for political economy on slavery, cannot fail to be deeply interested in a fictitious narrative, which combines striking delineations of character and scenery, animated and graceful conversation, and incidents which excite the strongest feelings of sympathy and tenderness. W.

On Monday afternoon last, the workmen employed in gathering hay on the land claimed by the Boston and Roxbury Mill Corporation, on the island, so called, in their dry basin, discovered a young man sitting in the water almost stupefied—they picked him up and carried him to the mill, to the house of Mr. Faxon Dean, where he now is. He appears in a state of mental derangement, calls his name Andrews McMeon Tyler, and says he belongs to Brownfield, Maine, where his father and friends reside. He says he sailed from Buenos Ayres in the barque Ann Eliza, for New York; left New York last Saturday, Providence on Sunday, arrived at Boston same day, and took passage and paid his stage fare for Portland.—Advertiser.

British Magazines.—Messrs Allen & Ticknor have issued proposals for the republication, in this country, of the London New Monthly and Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazines. The English editions of these works cost \$12 each per annum. The price of the reprint will be \$6 for Blackwood and \$5 for the New Monthly. The enterprise is good, and we hope that sufficiently remunerating patronage will be received by the American publishers.

Death of New York.—The number of deaths during the last week was ninety-four: being less than one-ninth of the number per week when the Cholera was at its height, and less by 28, than the average weekly number during the year 1831. Of these 94 deaths, 11 were by Cholera. The number of deaths since the 1st July has been 9,097, of which, by Cholera 3,496.

Schuykill Coal Trade.—The new brig Pavo, Capt M'Kenzie, built expressly for the coal trade loaded last week in the Schuykill, 305 tons of coal, (of 2,240 lbs each,) for Boston, and passed over the bar without the least difficulty, having \$762 50 freight on board.

CONTENTS OF THE SHRINE.

FOR OCTOBER.

Devereux—October—Letter-Writing—The Widow's Weeds—Diary of the Abused—Critics—Epistle to Marinda—The Village Party—Remorse—Moonlight on the Hudson, A Soliloquy—Grammar, Rhetoric and Logic, An Allegory—Hours of Childhood, According to the Theory of Wordsworth—College Life—To Autumn.

Letters received at this office from Oct. 20, to Oct. 27, 1832.

C. W. Dennison, Philadelphia, Pa.; P. A. Bell, New-York city; Joseph Cassady, Philadelphia, Pa.; Beriah Green, Hudson, Ohio; J. C. Lovejoy, Bangor, Me.; Charles Stuart, Liverpool, (Eng.) Lxiam Lawrence, Rochester, N. Y.; George Hogarth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DIED.

At Rochester, on the 7th inst. Maria Lawrence, aged 22, a colored woman, wife of Exiam Lawrence and daughter of Jacob Brown of Greenbush, N. Y. The deceased, previous to her removing to Rochester, was an exemplary member of Rev. Mr. Paul's church in Albany. She died in a happy state of mind, arising from a firm trust in the all-sufficient merits of a crucified Redeemer.—Com.

GENTLE BOARDING HOUSE,

FOR COLORED TRAVELLERS AND RESIDENTS.

ROBERT WOOD

GIVES notice to his friends and the public that he has taken the house corner of Garden and Southack streets, for the entertainment of genteel persons of color who may wish to be accommodated with board. It is situated in an eligible part of the city, and commands an extensive and pleasant prospect. Board may be obtained by the day, week or month. Every effort will be made by Mr. Wood to suit the taste and convenience of his patrons. Gentlemen of color, in other places, on visiting Boston, will find his house a desirable resort. Patronage is respectfully solicited. July 21.

BOARDING HOUSE

FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF GENTLE PERSONS OF COLOR,

(At the corner of Leonard and Church streets, NEW-YORK.)

The Proprietor of the above House returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for their liberal patronage, during the past season, and solicits a continuance of their favors; he assures them that no pains shall be spared to render satisfaction to the most fastidious.

JOHN RICH.

New-York, March 24, 1832.

LITERARY.

(For the Liberator.)

'OH SUMMER 'S VERY BEAUTIFUL.
Oh, summer 's very beautiful—I love to hear its
breeze

In gentle whispers die among the overarching trees—
I love to see its sunny skies, 'tis bright and bloom-
ing things,
And listen to the music sweet, which ev'ry zephyr
brings.

I love to roam among the woods, to call the lovely
flowers,
And catch the thrilling strains, which rise from Na-
ture's fragrant bowers;
I love to see the fleecy clouds float through the
azure sky;
And the bright moon light up the heavens 'in silent
majesty.'

A summer's day is beautiful, there 's joy in ev'ry
sound;

Methodists I hear the Almighty's praise from hill and
dale resound;

A summer's eve is beautiful, so calm the sky appears,
I fancy my departed friends smile through upon my
tears.

Yet though all nature 's joyful, there is a sadness in
my heart,

(But still there 's pleasure in the grief which nature's
smiles impart)

For all that 's beautiful speaks loud of a once lovely
one,

Who vanished from my vision like the dew before
the sun.

Like all that 's lovely on this earth, her course was
short and bright,

Awake she blessed us with her smiles, then soared
to realms of light;

Beneath consumption's withering breath, her love-
liness decayed;

So when the worm gnaws at the root the sweetest
flowers will fade.

Sadly we laid her in the grave, no marble marks the
spot;

But can her burial place by true affection be forgot?
No—one short hour passed by her grave, is dearer
far to me,

Than days and weeks spent in the midst of youthful
revelry.

Lynn, 1832. JOSEPHINE.

TO A GENTLEMAN AND LADY.

On the death of the lady's brother and sister,
and a child of the name of Avis, aged one year.

On DEATH'S domain intent I fix my eyes,
Where human nature in vain tries

With pensive mind I search the dear abode,
Where the great conqueror lies his spoils bestow'd;

There, there the offspring of six thousand years,
In endless numbers, to my view appears:

Whole kingdoms in his gloomy den are thrust,
And nations mix with their primeval dust.

Insatiate still, he glazes the ample tomb;
His is the present, his the age to come.

See here a brother, here a sister spread,
And a sweet daughter mingled with the dead.

But, MORTALS, let your griefs be laid aside,
And let the fountain of your tears be dried:

In vain they flow to wet the dusty plain;
Your sighs are wafted to the skies in vain:

Your pains they witness, but they can no more,
While DEATH reigns tyrant o'er this mortal shore.

The glowing stars and silver queen of light
At last must perish in the gloom of night:

Resign thy friends to that Almighty hand
Which gave them life; and bow to his command:

Thine AVIS give, without a murmur, heart,
Though half thy soul be fated to depart.

To shining guards consign thine infant care,
To wait triumphant through the seas of air.

Her soul, enlarg'd to heavenly pleasure springs;
She feeds on truth and uncreated things.

Methodists I hear her in the realms above,
And, leaning forward with a filial love,

Invite you there to share immortal bliss
Unknown, untasted in a state like this.

With tow'ring hopes and growing grace arise,
And seek beatitude beyond the skies.

SACRED MELODY.

BY JOHN MOORE.

I sat beside her dying bed,
And kiss'd her faded cheek:

I placed my arm beneath her head,
And strove in vain to speak;

The tongue denied its utterance,
Subdued by friendship's fears,

And though it spoke of fondness once
It now gave way to tears.

But still she was my comfort,
Although about to flee,—

And what I would have said to her
She faintly spoke to me;

She told me that she lov'd me well,
And well I knew her truth,

And yet I wept to think she felt
In beauty, and in youth,—

She gave me all her earthly love—
What could she give me more?

But somewhat more she fix'd above
Where she was doom'd to soar;

She shed a bright and pearly tear—
That tear she shed for me,

And fled without a single fear
Our Savior—unto thee!

SOLITUDE.

In Solitude the rising day
Pours on the heart its purest ray;

And there the fragrant flowers dispense
Their sweets to the rejoicing sense;

While in tall pines the wild doves coo
Their loves the budding forest through.

In solitude the gentle mind
Becomes enlightened and refined,

And worldly cares, so high that roll
Their waves, can scarce disturb the soul;

But pleasant thoughts in vision glide,
Like bright birds o'er the ocean tide.

There the soft ray of memory falls
Like moonlight on majestic halls.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Riding with a young Lion.—A young South
American lion arrived here, a day or two ago in
the ship Moss from Buenos Ayres. During the pas-
sage, we understand, he refused to eat any thing
less delicate than chickens; turning up his nose at
the beef which formed part of the fare of his com-
panions. Yesterday morning having been well fed,
he was accommodated with a moveable apartment,
not unlike that in which Tamerlane lodged Bajazet,
and carried up Arch street in a cart drawn by
one horse, who seemed duly proud of his royal
burden. His chain was long, and one bar of his
cabinet had been broken out; so that his move-
ments were but partially restrained. The driver,
after having gone on thoughtlessly a square or two,
turned his head to learn the cause of a shout from
a man on the pavement; and what was his aston-
ishment to find himself cheek by jowl with the lion,
who came out to take a look at a scene quite new
to him. The man jumped down in a style that
would have delighted Gabriel or Jean Ravel; and
the lion after him as far as his chain allowed. How
to get him shut up again was then the question;
and, while they who had the care of him were
consulting about this, one of the by-standers laid
hold of his tail. At this, in great indignation, he
sprang into the cart, and retired to the darkest cor-
ner of his cage. His chain was then drawn up, and
he was quietly taken to the lodgings prepared for
him.—*Phil. Chron.*

Greenland Eloquence.—The following is the
lamentation of a father over his son; the only spec-
imen preserved of Greenland eloquence, and taken
from the Relation of M. Dollgou, who dwelt some
years in the land as a factor. "We is me, that I
see thy woe'st end empty! Vain are thy mother's
toils of love, to dry thy garments. Lo! my joy is
gone into darkness; in the caverns of the moun-
tain. Once, when the evening glow, I went out
and was glad; I stretched out my eager eye, and
waited thy return. Behold, thou comest! Thou
comest manfully, now, and crying with the young
and old. Never didst thou return empty from the
sea; thy kayak brought in never-failing loads of
seals or sea-fowl! Thy mother, she kindled the fire,
and boiled; she boiled what thy hand acquired.
Thy mother, she spread thy booty before many in-
vited guests, and thy mother separated the blubber;
for this thou receivedst shirts of thine, and iron
knives for thy spear and arrows. Thou expectest
the shallow's scarlet steamer from afar, and joyfully
shoutest, Behold, Lars cometh! But now, alas, it is over! When I think on thee,
O, could I weep like others! for then might I soothe
my pain. What shall I wish for more on earth?
Death is now become a most desirable thing. But
then who is to provide for my wife, and the rest of
my children? I will still live a little while."
—*Cran's Lives of Eminent Missionaries.*

Female Horse Thief.—A horse and chaise
were carried off from the village of Londale, in
this vicinity, last week, under circumstances some-
what peculiar. A young lady of prepossessing ap-
pearance, dressed in a blue and white, from one of the em-
ployees, and contracted to work at a cotton fac-
tory at that place. She next went to the keeper of
a livery stable and hired an elegant horse and chaise,
under the pretence of going to Providence to bring
out her cousin, who, as she represented, wished to
procure employment at the same place. On being
asked by the owner to what name he should make
the charge, she replied with an engaging modesty,
tempered with a slight show of indignation at the
asking of so impertinent a question, "Miss Walk-
er." Miss Walker drove off in fine style and has
not been heard of since.—*Pawucket Chron.*

Destructive Fire at Hartford.—Mr Postmas-
ter Green has received a letter from Hartford, dated
Sunday morning, 4 A. M. informing him that a great
fire was then raging in that city. It commenced in
the 4th story of the Exchange Building, corner of
Main and State Streets, which was then in ruins.
It was occupied by Messrs. Allyn, Marsh and Co.
(Dry Goods,) Wm. J. Hanesley, (Hardware,) J. O.
& W. P. Pitkin, (Jeweller,) Judd & Co. (Book-
sellers,) and by numerous mechanics in the 2nd and
3d stories, who lost all their stock and tools.

The office of the New England Weekly Review
in the 2d story was entirely destroyed. Two men
were badly injured by the falling of the walls. The
U. S. Hotel and several other buildings in imme-
diate connection with the Exchange, were in great
danger, but it was thought they would be preserved.
The goods in the basement stories were principally
saved.

A "Smash!"—The Port Carbon Gazette con-
tains the following account of a fracas in that neigh-
borhood among the coal wagons. Those who saw
the machines in motion, must have remembered, if
they ever read Milton's account of the wheels 'in-
stinct with fire.'

Yesterday morning, about 6 o'clock, a train of
cars loaded down the lateral railroad, leading from
a mine of Col. Samuel P. Withers to the Mill
creek railroad, without horse or attendant. Near
the town they encountered a train of ascending
wagons, with a tremendous concussion. The driver
of the latter escaped unhurt, but lost his horse.
Most of the wagons were crushed. A spectator
says that the descending wagons left a streak of fire
along the road, and that the shock was like thunder,
fragments of the shattered wagons being hurled into
the air, and the road strewn with the ruins. This
destruction of property proceeded, as we learn, from
inattention.

Mr. Lancholy.—A mad bull was shot in this city
yesterday afternoon, but not until he had killed two
boys. The one was a white boy, apparently eight
or nine years of age, whom he caught upon his
horns, which becoming entangled in his clothes,
were not extricated without several efforts, and was
finally effected, by throwing him entirely over him,
by which the child's brains were dashed out, and
he died in a short time after. The other was a col-
ored boy; whose breast was caught upon the bull's
horn and was instantly killed. He was finally ar-
rested in his course by a master of a vessel lying at
the wharf, who levelled him to the earth with his
fowling piece.—*Balt. Repub.*

Polish Heroism.—At the storming of Warsaw,
the principal battery was defended by only two bat-
talions, but with such bravery as history can hardly
parallel. When it was evident that it could no
longer hold out, several privates of the artillery
seated themselves on powder barrels and blew them-
selves up. But the conduct of Gen. Sowinski was
truly heroic; having lost one foot, he was, at his
earnest request, seated on a chair, and placed on the
altar of the desperately defended church, where he
continued to give orders until the last of his com-
rades was cut down, when drawing forth two pis-
tols, he, with one, shot a Russian who was rushing
upon him, and with the exclamation, "So dies a
Polish general!" fired the other through his own
heart.

Aspiring.—A sermon was lately preached by
Elder Watson of Andover in this state, on the an-
niversary of Kearsage mountain, to an audience of one
thousand persons!

Marching to the grave of a soldier, buried with
the honors of war, the troops move to the solemn
sounds of Roslin Castle or the Death march. Re-
sounding they play Yankee doodle, or so went the
merry man home to his grave. So in our cities: the
pestilence cloud has passed over, and comes a grand
track of the death-cart at Montreal, comes a grand
masquerade at the theatre. In New-York, all is
frolic and fun on the stage—and in Philadelphia,
Mr. Hackett, at Arch street, is dashing as Col. Nim-
rod Wildfire—while at the Chesnut street, Mr. Rice
is exciting laughter as Jim Crow. Tears, smiles
and cholera—the world will roll on, we believe,
much after the old fashion.—*Village Rec.*

A Bright Boy!—A lad, some 15 or 16 years
of age, took occasion recently to interrogate a young
man who worked for his father, as to what party
he belonged, and for whom he intended to vote?
The reply not proving exactly satisfactory to the
youngster, he rejoined: "I guess if your time isn't
out before the election, you'll have to vote as Dad
did."

A New State.—The people of the territory of
Michigan, have been called on to assemble and vote
in their respective districts, on the question of for-
ming a constitution of State Government, preparatory
to an application for admission into the Union, as an
independent State. The population of Michigan is
about 32,000. It contains 24,900,000 acres of
land, of which 16,400,000 belong to the United
States, and there are 7,500,000 to which the Indian
title has not been extinguished.

Boston.—The Bostonians never sleep. Nothing
can evade their attention. If a fire destroys a town
and turns its inhabitants away homeless and penni-
less, they are the first to send relief. If a famine
prevails in a distant land, they are foremost in sup-
plying their wants. While others are talking about
what ought to be done, they have the work accom-
plished—remembering 'he giveth twice that doth
it promptly.'—*N. Y. Franklin Adver.*

A generous and constant passion in an agreeable
lover, where there is not too great a disparity in oth-
er circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can
befall the person beloved, and if overlooked in one,
may perhaps never be found in another.—*Steele.*

Fishermen, in order to handle eels securely, first
cover them with dirt—in like manner does detrac-
tion strive to grasp excellence.

The easy and temperate man is he who is not
most valued by the world; the virtue of his abstem-
iousness makes him an object of indifference. One
of the gravest charges against the ass is, he can
live on thistles.

With some people political vacillation heightens
a man's celebrity—just as the galleries applaud
when an actor enters in a new dress.

Legal Botheration.—In "Hardock's Chancery,"
vol. i. p. 125, we find the following specimen of
legal perspicuity: "When a person is found to do
the thing, he is supposed, in equity, to do it with
the view of doing what he is bound to do."

The flea, called by the Arabians 'the father of
lepers,' and the locust jump two hundred times
their own length; and, supposing the same relative
force to be infused into the body of a man six feet
high, he would be able to leap three times the
height of St. Paul's.

Napoleon, when dying, commanded that he
should be buried in his Marengo cloak. His son
implied, with tears in his eyes and uplifted hands,
that he might be enveloped in a tri-colored flag.

Natural inference.—Curran was once asked
what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England,
could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue.—
"I suppose," replied the wit, "he's trying to catch
the English accent."

MORAL.

ADDRESS

Of Mr. Alexander C. Luca, before the Tem-
perance Society of the people of color of
New-Haven:

(CONCLUDED.)

Intemperance often causes parents to weep and
lament over their children who are given to strong
drink. Perhaps they brought up their children to
drink temperately, the direct road to intemper-
ance; and by their example they become two fold
more the children of hell than themselves. O what
guilt must rest upon such parents, who have been
the means of destroying the souls of their children
by putting the accursed cup to their lips. I had
rather follow a child to the grave than to see him
become a drunkard, for a drunkard is neither fit
to live nor die, he is no comfort to himself nor to
any one else. The drunkard is a public nuisance,
a pest to society, a disgrace to the human family—
the drunkard is beneath the brute, for no brute will
designedly intoxicate itself; but the drunkard who
is constantly taking his drams, well knows what will
be the consequence; he well knows that he is de-
stroying his soul for ever; he well knows that he is
injuring all who are near and dear to him, and suffer-
ing the vengeance of his Maker to be inflicted upon
him at any moment. Tremble, then, O
drunkard, and reflect before you put the poisonous
cup to your lips; although it may be sweet to thy
taste; yet, alas! it will prove bitter to thy soul. O,
remember the road that you are travelling,—re-
member thy never dying soul which will assuredly
be destroyed and consigned to everlasting misery—
remember, that while you are drinking to others' good
health, you are destroying your own. Awake!
then, ye drunkards, and weep for the miseries that
are to come upon you. "Who hath woe? Who
hath sorrow? Who hath contention? Who hath
wounds without cause? They that tarry long at
the wine; they that do seek the mix wine?" I
beseech of you, therefore,—by the word of God to
take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts
be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness so
that day come upon you unawares.

To the aged I would say, break off from the use
of strong drink. To the middle aged, touch it not.
To the young, flee from it as you would from the
enemy. Look not then upon it, for at last it biteth
like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. If you
wish to be respected, abstain from strong drink. If
you wish to become intelligent, abstain from strong
drink. If you wish to have a strong mind, abstain
from strong drink. If you wish to do good in the
world and to be a blessing to your parents, abstain
from strong drink. If you wish to be industrious
and become wealthy, abstain from strong drink. If
you wish to become a good people, become a tem-
perate people, for temperance is an emblem of piety.
Strong drink often causes professing christians to
wander, and err from the truth, and to forsake the
God they once professed to love. They once, per-
haps, were thought to be very good christians while
they were in the habit of using ardent spirits, which

poisons the souls of men for ever. And now, my
christian friends, I appeal to you, Can any one, who
feels for the salvation of immortal souls, indulge his
carnal appetites in the use of strong drink, which
they know causes the destruction of multitudes of
souls? Let each one apply this to his own heart
and conscience—Am I indulging myself in the use
of intoxicating liquors which may prove the damna-
tion of my own soul and the souls of my fellow bo-
toms? My friends who are looking to me for an example? My
serious christian friends, examine this closely; think seri-
ously upon it, and see if you are willing to indulge
yourselves in this known sin. Some will say, per-
haps, it is no sin in using a little, and they can see
no harm in it. But it is wrong; we can see the
evil of it every day, if we are not very blind. It is
not the man who abstains totally from strong
drink that becomes a drunkard; and no man was
ever born a drunkard. It is, therefore, the tem-
perate drinker that makes the drunkard. Then let
us take the example of the apostle Paul,—Where-
fore if meat make thy brother to offend, I will eat
no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my
brother to offend." Then, if by taking a little you
should make thy brother to offend, take no strong
drink as long as the world standeth.

A word to the members of this Society. We
were the first people of color that ever associated in
the cause of temperance, and let us not be the last
to act. We were but a handful at first, but we have
increased to a goodly number; we feel strengthened
in the cause. Let us therefore press forward; let
us set our hands and our hearts to the work; let us
be true to the cause, and let us exert all our in-
fluence and make every effort to prevail on others to
join in the glorious cause of temperance, and to rid
the land of so great an evil as intemperance. If the
enemy were marching through our country, destroy-
ing its thirty thousand souls annually, and wasting
and plundering as they marched, would not every
effort be made to repel them? Yes; every man
who was true to his country would be in arms to
drive the enemy from the country. The cholera,
that dreadful disease, that has spread such desolation
over Europe and Asia, is now making its appear-
ance in this country. Will not every possible means
be used to prevent its ravaging our towns and cities?
Yes, and the people would all flee from it, if it was
in their power. Why not flee from that soul de-
stroying monster intemperance! Destroying its
thirty thousand souls annually. Why is there no
more effort made to disperse such a disease from
amongst us? A disease that proves as fatal as that
of the cholera, although it may not be so instan-
taneous in every case.

I cannot close my subject without saying a word
to those who have put their hand to the plough and
have turned back. You are not only injuring the
cause, but you are making your own destruction
more sure. I beg of you, therefore, as one who
feels for you, to think upon your ways—reflect upon
the course you are pursuing—look at the end of
your race, and remember, that while you are slan-
dering those who are true to the cause, you are
forming your character more decidedly for eternal
misery and woe. "We unto them that call evil
good and good evil; that put darkness for light and
light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet and
sweet for bitter, which justify the wicked for reward
and take away the righteousness of the righteous from
him!"

In closing my discourse I would invite all to en-
list in the cause of temperance who are determined
to remain true advocates to it. I would hold it up
to you as a cause worthy of your patronage. Are
there any, in view of all that has been said, who
will look to those who have proved themselves traitors
to the society for a specimen, and condemn it;
rather than to look to those for an example who
have remained true to the cause? Whether this
is right, judge ye and answer to yourselves.

At a large and respectable meeting of the colored
citizens of Providence, convened at the African
Church in this city, on Monday the 24th ult. to
take into consideration the expediency of forming a
Temperance Society, the following constitution was
unanimously adopted. Seventy-two individuals then
came forward and joined the Society.

CONSTITUTION

Of the Colored Association of Providence for
the promotion of Temperance.

Art. 1st. This Society shall be called the COL-
ORED TEMPERANCE SOCIETY OF PROVID-
ENCE.

Art. 2d. Any person on signing this Constitution
shall be a member of the Society.

Art. 3d. We whose names are hereunto ap-
pended, believing that the use of ardent spirits is not
only unnecessary, but highly injurious to the social,
civil and religious interests of man, do agree, that we
will entirely abstain from the use of them ourselves,
(except by the advice of a physician to the contrary,
in cases of sickness,) that we will not traffic in
them, nor provide them for the entertainment of
friends, neither for persons in our employ, and that
we will in every suitable way, discountenance the
use of them throughout the community.

Art. 4th. The officers of the society shall be
a President, Vice President and Secretary, who shall
be chosen annually, and shall perform the duties
customarily assigned to such officers.

Art. 5th. The officers of the society, and such
other members as shall be appointed for that pur-
pose, shall constitute an Executive Committee, and
perform the various duties which are needful in
promoting the object of this society.

Art. 6th. The annual meetings shall be held on
the Second Wednesday in October; and the Quar-
terly Meetings on the Second Wednesday of Janu-
ary, April and July, at such places as the Executive
Committee may appoint. Any other meetings may
be called, at the option of the committee.

Art. 7th. Any person by giving a written no-
tice to the Secretary may, at any annual meeting,
withdraw from the society, and this constitution
may at any annual meeting, be altered by a vote of
two thirds of the society present.

Art. 8th. All members who shall be guilty of
violating the third Article in this constitution, shall
be conversed with and shown the error of their
way; if they do not reform and conform to this
constitution, they shall be expelled from this society,
at any regular meeting, by a majority of the mem-
bers present.

The following officers were elected for the ensu-
ing year.
GEORGE C. WYLLIS, President.
ROBERT JONES, Vice President,
JAMES HAZARD, Secretary.
George Wadsworth, Cato Northup, Benjamin
Barney, Charles Burrell, George C. Wyllis, Jr.,
Charles Cozens and Charles Gorham, Committee.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
BY HIS EXCELLENCY LEVI LINCOLN,
Governor of the Commonwealth of Massa-
chusetts.

A PROCLAMATION FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

In the period of apprehension and impending
danger, the People of this Commonwealth, with
a pious sentiment of confidence in the Divine Su-
perintendence over the condition of Men, protect-
ed themselves, in penitence and prayer, before
the Infinite source of all goodness, imploring
protection and safety;—And now, in the day
of their deliverance from affliction and the fear of
evil, it no less becomes their sense of dependence
upon ALMIGHTY POWER, to render the tribute
of Acknowledgement, Gratitude and Praise, to
the SOVEREIGN DISPOSER of events, the BEN-
EFICENT GIVER of all their enjoyments.

With the advice and consent of the Executive
Council, I therefore, appoint THURSDAY, the
TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT,
to be observed, throughout the Commonwealth,
as a Religious Festival of THANKSGIVING to
Almighty God, for the Bounties of His Providence,
during the past year. And I invite the People of
every Christian Denomination to repair, on that
day, in their respective Associations, to the Tem-
ples dedicated to the Worship of the Most High,
and, with the fervency of devotion, enkindled in
hearts sympathizing with each other, under a full
impression of the blessings which they have ex-
perienced, present their united offerings of Adm-
iration, Homage and Praise.

May they be especially sensible to the im-
mortalization of Divine care in the sure promise of
Seed-time, and the unfailing product of Harvest;
—and although some of the fruits of the Earth
may this year be gathered in less than usual abun-
dantly, may they be thankful, that of every neces-
sary to subsistence there is a competent supply for
their wants. And more nearly and deeply touch-
ed with a contemplation of the awful visitation
of a mysterious Providence, in the appearance and
prevalence of a frightful disease, in many parts
of our Land, may they rejoice in that out-stretched
Arm of MERCY which has spared their lives, and
bounds to the ravages of the Destroyer, and as-
serting the healthful countenance of the People
in places which have been afflicted with the
pestilence. In these, and unnumbered causes of
Thanksgiving to God may they also see and ac-
cognize, through faith in the dispensations of His
Grace, by the mission and ministry of our benev-
olent Saviour, Jesus Christ, a Government of unending
Wisdom, infinite Goodness, and eternal Justice,
over the Moral Universe.

And with Thanksgivings, may Supplications
also, be offered to the Throne of Heaven, for
our Beloved Country, may rest in the smiles of
protecting Providence,—that the Union and har-
mony of the States may be disturbed by no de-
structive scheme of division; that the Depart-
ments of the Government, and the Administration
of the Laws may be maintained in their Consti-
tutional independence, purity and power;—that
the great interests of the people may find security
and permanency,—and that by a spirit of Patriotism
and of public virtue, influencing the minds of the
Citizens, and manifested in the exercise of their
civil privileges, the precious inheritance of Free
Institutions, which come to us from our Fathers,
may be continued to our enjoyment, and trans-
mitted improved and confirmed to the latest pos-
terity.

Given at the Council Chamber in Boston, the
nineteenth day of October, in the year of
our Lord one thousand eight hundred and
thirty-two, and the fifty-seventh of the inde-
pendence of the United States.

LEVI LINCOLN,
By His Excellency the Governor with the ad-
vice and consent of the Council.

EDWARD D. BANGS, Secretary.
God save the Commonwealth of Massachu-
setts.

READY MADE CLOTHING, &c.

B. B. F. MUNDREU,
NO. 50, ANN-STREET.

HAS constantly for sale a great variety of ready
made clothing, consisting in part of blue,
blue, olive and mixed Coats, Frocks and Coats,
cassimere Pantaloons of every description; a
check drill Pantaloons, a new and fashionable suit
for Summer wear; velvet, silk, Veneris
Marseilles Vesting, a great variety, including every
desirable style; Petersham and kersey Pantaloons,
Coats, Short Jackets, and Monkey Jackets; mus-<